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Ottawa is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 200 miles, by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

From the New Yorker.

LINES.

Oh dungeon dark, and ample, and profound,
The pit of deep depravity within!
There sits the soul, with chains of anguish bound,
Bound in the seven-fold manacles of sin.
For freedom still the weeping prisoner sighs,
With pangs to aid, with none to heal her pain;
Lifts toward the vanished light her weary eyes,
And strives to burst the hateful bonds in vain.
Out of the depths her cry ascends to Thee,
Oh great Deliverer! come—and set the captive free!

Oh heart! far out upon a sullen sea,
The sport of wheeling waves, thy bark is driven;
The winds around thee murmur fitfully,
And frowning clouds have hid the face of heaven.
Yet on the storm's wild voice dost faintly come
A far-off, angel melody of home.

It tells thee of a bright and blessed tale,
Winnowed by wings that waft the soul above;
There bloom the flowers in Faith's exulting smile—
There ever bendeth the blue heaven of Love—
There bright-eyed Hope extends her hand toward thee.

Rich with the gifts of immortality,
And thou dost struggle, while around thee boom
The waters—and fast wanes thy darkened day!
Oh heart! look upward through the shrouding gloom.

And cast thine earthly help and hope away!
Oh, be thy steadfast guide the Saviour's will—
He shall rebuke the sea, and all be still! E. F. E.

From the New York New Era.

The Women of the Revolution.

Right glad are we that serious efforts are now to be made to complete the BUNKER HILL MONUMENT. This is to be done, chiefly by the LADIES—and by means of a FAIR. This will give all an opportunity to contribute their mite; and let but all contribute their mite, and much will be accomplished. The Fair alone will bring a large sum of money to aid in the work—other arrangements, now in progress, in connection, will, without doubt, furnish the remainder of the funds required. It needs, then but a determination on the part of the community, that the monument SHALL BE COMPLETED, and it will be done.

Well is it, too, that the LADIES are to be the chief actors in putting on the capstone to the Bunker Hill Monument. Let the ladies of the present generation only recall the struggles, the sufferings, the self-denial, the fortitude of those of a past generation, and it cannot fail to excite them to efforts to complete this great deed of commemoration. Let the daughters go back to the times of the Revolution and recall the deeds of the mothers. And what a bright page in our annals is that which bears record of the trials—the courage in adversity—the timely aid—the voice of encouragement—of the women of the Revolution.

The women of the Revolution! A theme not yet been handled as it should be. No historian as yet has collected the memorials of their deeds. At times, as when our glorious day of national rejoicing comes round, bringing with it sacred reminiscences of the past, and abounding in golden prospects for the future, an orator will here and there allude to the mothers of our heroic age; and, scattered along the already rich treasures of biographical detail, may be seen mentioned individual instances of the sufferings of those days. But he who will look into that ever faithful mirror of passing time—the newspaper—he who will read faithfully those glorious old revolutionary testimonials, the public journals shall see the spirit of those days, as it animated the busy mart of life, all as enthusiastic, as fresh, as stirring, as true to the life, almost, as if he stood upon an eminence, a calm spectator of each passing scene. Woman then exerted for good her tremendous influence. From the times of the destruction of the tea, until the peace—yes, until after the peace—until the sublime and touching scene of the reception of WASHINGTON at Trenton was acted, when the "mighty

female hands, and voices almost heavenly, sung—
"Virgins fair and matron's grave,
Those thy conquering arms did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers!"

He shall see the meridian glow of female patriotism, the journals abound in records of its manifestation—now telling of the noble conduct of a mother, in giving her parting blessing to an only son—bidding him be true to himself, to his honor, to liberty—telling him she had rather see him in his shroud than to hear of his disgrace; now of the calm endurance of whole districts of females, who lived in loneliness, in penury, in all that anxiety for the fate of kindred and friends known only to the female heart; now giving the forcible appeal of some "American lady," detailing the ferocity of a foreign foe, who had invaded a happy home, and murdered, or worse than murdered its helpless inmates—or reciting the hardships of their "protectors and defenders"—the blood-tracks left by the brave troops as they marched over the cold snows of winter to the field of combat; the sufferings of the wounded—the sad want of the bare necessities of life in "Washington's camp," and then calling upon "her country-women" to lend their aid to alleviate their miseries; and then comes the details of the spirited conduct of the females of whole districts, towns, societies, who had purchased, made and forwarded "to the lady of our illustrious General" scores of garments for the waists of "the camp"—those especially being made mention of who had given up costly jewels and plate for so noble an object. And then, here and there, may be seen the stern resolution of some—as those of Amelia county, N. C.—not to permit the addresses of any person, "be his circumstances or condition in life" what they might, unless he had served in the "American army," long enough "to prove by his valor that he was deserving of their love." Such are the details that abound in Revolutionary journals. They are precious memorials. Would that some diligent hand would gather them together for the benefit of the ladies of the present generation!

Again, we say, the efforts of the wives and the daughters of our revolutionary patriots, in the cause of Independence, have not been placed in the hold relief they richly deserve. The spirit of patriotism they manifested was not rewarded by the laurel crown. The welcome thunder-shouts that greet the conqueror, from the fresh battle field, was not theirs. Nor could they think of the glory or the fame that impel the hero to the battle. Their patriotism required a momentous sacrifice. Grim-visaged war takes from home all that is dear to woman. What does it give in return? A crown of thorns is often her only recompense. It is hers to suffer in silence; and when she gives up husband and brother, father and friend, to go to struggle in the battle-field, she yields all that makes life pleasant or desirable. But all this was but little thought of in those days. When the time for action came, woman was ready with her voice to urge the patriots to the demands of duty. With Roman fortitude did she brave the horrors of the conflict. Self was sacrificed in the call of country; and like the noble dames of Sparta, rather would she have seen kindred and friends weltering in blood, than have received them in disgrace.

Let these things, and such as these, be thought of by those who would do something to redeem the present generation from the shame and disgrace of allowing so noble a work to remain unfinished as the BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, and they cannot fail to excite them to greater exertions.

From the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times.

September.

Next him September marched like on foot;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoils
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enriched with bounty of the soil;
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A pair of weights, with which he did assay
Both more or less, where it in doubt did stand
An equal gave to each as justice duly scanned.

SEPTEMBER.

This is the ninth month of the year: anciently it was the seventh, as its name imports, which is compounded of *septem*, seven, and *inber*, a shower of rain from the rainy season usually commencing at this period of the year.

Spencer takes advantage of the exuberance of harvest, and the sign of the zodiac, *Libra*, in this month, to read another lesson on justice. 'Tis this the month of the migration of birds, of the finished harvest, of nut-gathering, of cider-making, and toward the conclusion, of the change of color in trees. The swallows, and many other soft-billed birds that feed on

leaving only a few stragglers behind, probably from weakness or sickness, who hide themselves in caverns or other sheltered places, and occasionally appear upon warm days. The remainder of harvest is got in; and no sooner is this done, than the husbandman ploughs up his land again, and prepares it for the winter grain.

September, though its mornings and evenings are apt to be foggy, and therefore not wholesome to those who either do not, or cannot guard against them, is generally a severe and pleasant month, partaking of the warmth of summer and the vigor of autumn. But its noblest feature is a certain festive abundance for the supply of all creation. There is grain for men, birds and horses; hay for the cattle, and loads of fruit on the trees.

LUCY CARROLL.—A Sketch.

"Take back the bowl—take back the bowl,
Reserve it for polluted lips;
I would not bow a stainless soul
Beneath its dark and foul eclipse."

"Lucy, my child," said Mrs. Carroll, "do you know it is whispered that Geo. Durwood is forming habits of dissipation? I would not grieve you Lucy—yet it is well to be warned of danger; and when even Durwood's friends are forced to acknowledge that he has altered, we have reason to fear that our ingenious and high-minded friend is indeed listening with a charmed ear to the voice of that siren, the end of whose song is destruction. You have heard these reports, my child?"

A slight quiver came over the lip of the young girl, who stood silent before her mother, as pale certainly and as beautiful as the most exquisite statue. Lifting her moistened blue eye to her mother, while an unwonted energy kindled it, she answered—"Yes, mother, Durwood's enemies have not been slow in conning such reports for my ear. I know—I have heard them all, but I do not believe them."

Lucy, the innocent, the lovely, the confiding Lucy, spoke as she thought. In her heart she could not believe that he whose nature was so noble, so generous, who evinced so many correct feelings and principles, and who possessed in an eminent degree, all manly qualifications, she could not believe that he, by any possible temptation, could yield to the baneful insinuation of the Destroyer, and degrade the dignity of manhood below the brutes that perish.

And why was it that amid the censures and harsh judgment of the world, the secret regrets of his friends, and open attacks of his enemies, Lucy shrank deeper in her heart the image of her lover? She loved him—and her heart, enshrouded in the mantle of devotion, clung with increased tenacity to its object; and the light of affection shone warmer and brighter as the shadows of evils closed darker around her beloved.

Constancy is a striking and peculiarly beautiful trait in the character of woman, and in love like Lucy's there is surpassing strength. It has nothing gross or earthly in its yearnings, for its source is in the purest fountains of the heart. Alas for the sunless riches laid on the altar of love! It is seldom worthy of its fostering.

But—I was present at that bridal; for Lucy did become the bride of George Durwood. I marked the smile of conscious triumph and exulting love, as before God's holy altar he pledged that deep vow to be her husband, comforter and protector forever. And she, the gentle being at his side, I saw her look of trusting and entire confidence when she gave her hand to him with whom she had chosen to tread life's crowded path.

I watched that widowed mother, too, when she gave her only darling to an untied guardianship. There was sorrow in the tones of her fond and fearful blessing on that fair young bride, who was thus in the tenderest years, leaving the shelter and guidance of a mother's love forever. And I heard, too, the solemn injunction she gave as she committed her precious charge into his hands, that he should deal truly and kindly with her as he hoped God's blessing. I heard all, and I turned aside to conceal the tears which were unconsciously creeping into my eyes.

An ill-omened melancholy came over me, but I strove to banish it, for why should I dim that fairly picture of happiness with my tears? I have said that Lucy Carroll became the wife of Durwood; and alas! she became his victim also. The blight fell early on the rose, and the worm revelled amid leaves. We need not trace George Durwood on his erring path of folly and dissipation; enough that he did bow down his high spirit at the unholy shrine of intemperance.

But Lucy—she, who in the trusting all on the 'venture of his vow—she was made to feel the perishing of all that was bright, noble and elevated—it was her's to feel its most refined bitterness, the keen and withering blight of disappointment, when she looked on him she called her husband.

For a long time, Lucy's believing spirit sustained her heavy trial; for one hope hung even as an anchor to her soul—the hope that he would reform—for he loved her too well, she thought, to make her unhappy. Alas, deceived woman! Love may be strong, but the wine cup hath yet a mightier power. But the truth came at last. That which Lucy had thought a sin even to think on, now stood before her lamentable and sure reality—her husband was an irreclaimable drunkard!

Lucy died early—but not before the last ray of hope was quenched in that stricken bosom, and a death like withering had come over her heart—not until every beautiful flow of affection had drooped and withered away, and all generous and devoted feelings had given place to loathing and indifference. Her last moments were unsanctified by the voice of a husband's affection—though at times, indeed, a bloated visage, with haggard expressionless eye, would bend over her couch and mutter words of inebriate and disgusting fondness; but with a look of abhorrence she motioned him away who had once been her blessing and delight.

Let woman—lovely, devoted, confiding woman, avoid even the "appearance of evil." Let her beware of the revel, the wine cup, the feast—for vice and intemperance are ever found in their train. Let her remember that in uniting her destiny with a drunkard's, she is drawing on herself a fearful doom and incurring the heaviest curse of Heaven. It is like linking truth with perjury—the dove with the vulture; it is the wedlock of purity and pollution—beauty and the pestilence. Let woman beware of the Intemperate!

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

THE LORD'S PRAYER VERIFIED.

BY HORACE R. WIRTZ.

Our Father who in Heaven art!
All hail'd be thy name,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
Here, as in Heaven's, the same.
Give us this day our daily bread,
And us our debts forgive,
As we do those, who on us impose,
Or owe us while they live.
Into temptation lead us not,
But do from evil sore—
The kingdom's thine, with pow'r divine
And glory,—evermore.

From the New York Evening Signal.
Comparison.

(Translated from the German of Rümacher.)

The Voyage of Life.—It was one of the loveliest days in spring, when I left Hamburg for the first time. Methinks I still see the golden sun-light play on the tarred shipping, and hear still the clear prolonged yo-heave-ho of the sailors. A sea-port in spring, furnishes the most striking image of a youthful spirit just entering on his career, venturing out for the first time on the high sea of life. The gay-colored streamers of imagination play over his mind—self-confidence swells all the sails of his wishes, yo-heave-ho! But soon a storm rises, the sky is darkened, the wind howls, the planks crack, the waves break away the rudder, and the poor ship is dashed to pieces on romantic cliffs, or stranded on prosaic shallows—or perhaps decayed or broken down, with mast dismantled and rigging torn, without a single anchor of hope, she comes home to the old haven, and moulders there a miserable wreck!

But there are some men whom we may rather compare with steamboats. These carry a glowing fire within them, and they must on, against wind and weather. Their smoky flag waves like the dark plume of the night-rider; their forked wheels are like colossal spurs, with which they goad the waves, and the unruly, foaming element obeys their will, as an obedient steed—and too often the boiler bursts! and the explosion is fatal.

God, a Sun.—As the sun is to flowers, so is god to man. When the beams of that celestial orb touch the flowers, joyously they shoot upwards, and open their caps, and unfold their most brilliant hues. At night, when the sun has departed, sadly they stand, and dream of the golden rays of the past. Those flowers which are always in the shade are pale, and stunted, and joyless, and fade away early. But the flowers which grow in total darkness, in the cellars of old castles, or among the ruins of cloisters, these are deformed and poisonous; they creep on the ground like serpents, and their odor is unhealthy, inducing death.

Noah, stood one day with uplifted face, gazing earnestly on the sun. Then his father drew near him and said, "What seest thou?" And Shem answered, "I was considering that heavenly being, whom Jehova has clothed with such wonderful brightness. His path is the heights of Heaven, and far beneath him are storms and floods. And I said in my heart, 'Would that God had made me thus!'"

Then said Noah, "My son, aspire not after things which are not given thee; were thy wish granted, thou wouldst only be abased, and deprived of thy best blessing." "How was that possible, my father?" said the youth—"to be like the sun! would not that be elevation?"

The patriarch replied, "Thou wouldst then be greater than Mount Ararat—yes, greater than this globe which we inhabit. But thinkest thou thus to acquire dignity? Thou wouldst always tread the same unvarying path, never couldst thou turn to the right or the left by thy own design. Now thou canst look up to the sun, but he cannot look down on thee—much less can he glance upwards, and understand and adore Him who hath made him. Alone he walks in the Heavens, without hope or love—and a day will come when he shall be extinguished as a lamp, and man shall wait in vain for his rising. But thou shalt lay aside this garment which binds thee to earth; and gloriously transformed, thy path, through eternal ages, shall be above suns and stars. Wouldst thou, then, exchange thy being and existence for that of the sun?"

"Ah, my father," answered the youth, "I am ashamed of the sinful wish."

Prophecy of Napoleon.

[As regards England, France, Russia, and other European States. Being a suppressed passage from both French and English editions of Count Las Casas's Journal.]

"In less than 25 years from the present time," said the Emperor Napoleon to me one day, as we stood viewing the sea from a rock which overhung the road, "the whole European system will be changed. Revolution will succeed revolution, until every nation becomes acquainted with its individual rights. Depend upon it, the people of Europe will not long submit to be governed by these bands of petty sovereigns—these aristocratic cabinets. I was wrong in re-establishing the order of nobles of France, but I did it to give splendor to the throne, and refinement to the manners of the people, who were fast sinking into barbarism since the Revolution. The remains of the feudal system will vanish before the sun of knowledge. The people have only to know that power emanates from themselves, in order to assert their rights to a share in their respective governments. This will be the case even with the bores of Russia; yes, Las Casas, you may live to see the time, but I shall be cold in my grave, when that colossal but ill cemented empire will be split into as many sovereignties, perhaps republics, as there are hordes of tribes which compose it."

After a few more reflections on the prospects of Europe, his majesty continued: "Never was a web more artfully woven over a nation, than that horrible debt which envelops the people of England. It has been the means of enriching the aristocracy beyond all former example in any country, whilst it has, at the same time, insured as many fast friends to the Government as there are individuals who receive interest for that money, so extravagantly squandered to crush liberty in other countries. But even that must have an end; some accidental spark will ignite the combustible mass, and blow the whole system to the devil! If this mighty debt were due to foreigners, these cunning Islanders would not bear the burden an hour, but would, on some pretext or other, break with their creditors and laugh at their credulity; but they owe the money to individuals among themselves, and are therefore likely to enjoy the pleasure of paying the interest for generations to come."

"France, too, has got a debt. These Bourbons think to maintain themselves on my throne, by borrowing largely of the present generation, in order to lay heavy taxes on the next and future ones. But I know the French people too well to suppose that such a system can be long tolerated. I know that they have too much natural affection for their offspring to entail upon them a national debt like that of England, however artfully incurred. No! no! my subjects are to sharp-sighted, the property accumulated for their children, to be mortgaged to pay the Russians and the English for invading them, and for the restoration of the *vielle cour des imbéciles, who now insult them!* They will after a time, make comparisons between them and me, they will recollect that the expenses of my government were defrayed by impost during the years; that my own

one debt, but that I enriched every corner of her territory. Such comparisons will not be very favorable to the Bourbons; the French will cast them and their debts from their shoulders, as my Arabian steed would any stranger who should dare to mount him. Then if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne, amid the acclamations of the people; if he be not, France will go back to a republic; for no other hand will dare to seize a sceptre which it cannot wield. The Orleans branch, though amiable, are too weak, have too much of the Bourbon, and will share the same fate, if they do not choose to live as simple citizens, under whatever change takes place."

Here the Emperor paused a few moments, then waving his hand, he exclaimed, in an animated tone, his dark eye beaming with the enthusiasm of inspiration:

"France once more a republic, other countries will follow her example—Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes, and Russians, will all join in the crusade for liberty! They will arm against their sovereigns, who will be glad to make concessions of some of their rights, in order to preserve a minor authority over them as subjects; they will grant them representative chambers, and style themselves constitutional kings; possessing a limited power. Thus the feudal system will receive its death-blow; like the thick mist on the ocean, it will dissipate at the first appearance of the Sun of Liberty. The wheel of revolution will not stand still at this point, the impetus will be increased in a tenfold ratio, and the motion will be accelerated in proportion. When the people recover a part of their rights as men, they become elated with a victory they have achieved, and, having tasted the sweets of freedom, they become clamorous for a larger portion. Thus will the states and principalities of Europe be in a continual state of turmoil and ferment, perhaps for some years—like the earth, heaving in all directions, previous to the occurrence of an earthquake. At length, the combustible matter will have vent—a tremendous explosion will take place—the lava of England's Bankruptcy will overspread the European world, overwhelm kings and aristocracies, but cementing the Democratic interest as it flows. Trust me, Las Casas, that as from the vines planted in the soil which enervates the sides of Vesuvius, the most delicious wine is produced, so shall the lava of which I speak, prove to be the only soil in which the tree of Liberty will take firm and permanent root. May it flourish for ages! You perhaps consider these sentiments strange and unusual, they are mine, however. I was a republican; but fate, and the opposition of Europe, made me an Emperor! I am now a spectator of the future."

To Apprentices.

The only way for a young man to prepare himself for usefulness, is to devote himself to study during the leisure hours. First, be industrious in your business. Never complain that you are obliged to work; go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will become a habit, that will make you respected by your employer and the community. Make it your business to see and promote his interest; by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own. Second, attend to your studies. Few apprentices can complain of a harder master than had Franklin—yet Franklin laid the foundation for greatness while an apprentice. Success depends not upon the amount of leisure you have, but upon the manner in which it is improved.

Happiness.

What need have we of riches? saith a Chinese moralist. Produce me the man who, content with a straw cottage and a little enclosure of canes, employs himself in reading the writings of wise men, or in discoursing on virtue, who derives no other recreation than to refresh himself by the cool air by moonshine, and whose whole solicitude is to preserve in his heart the love of innocence and of his neighbor.

It is the men of study and thought who in the long run govern the world. The greatest moral truths spring from their discoveries; it is their writings which render their truths fruitful, which popularize them, which make them penetrate the minds of the people at large, and impress upon them an indelible character of rectitude. The spirit of union among men of science is the certain precursor of the Union of nations.—M. Arago.

Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the mature flower, and breaks down that which